Numb. 66.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, May the 2d. 1682.

Earn. SO, I hope, you are now convinc'd that the Whigs are none of your huffing *Drawcanſirs*, that *dare drink, and for their drink, dare die*, (as the Play call'd the *Rehearſal* has it.) They'l part (good men!) with Victuals, Drink and good Company and all, but they'l gain the Reputation of being obedient Subjects.

Jeſt. For my part, I look upon't to be a greater inſtance of ſelf-denial, than any of thoſe recorded to have been exerciſed by the famous Enthuſiaſt *Don Quixot*, for the love of his fair *Dulcinea*; and I wish they would order *Implement*'s Secretary to take care it be regiſtred in his immortal Packquet or ſome other Romance, to the honour of the Whig-Legion.

Earn. And then with what Patience do the ſilly Creatures demean themſelves that were bob'd of their Guinies. The good Chear may be ſent up and down by the Stewards to particular Friends, and they ſit ſtill, with tears in their Eys licking their Chops, but not daring to bark. Notwithſtanding theſe arbitrary Proceedings, yet (as the E. of *Shaftsbury* ſaid in his Speech to the Parliament) *There is no complaining in our ſtreets*; a man can hardly know that they have been gull'd. Come, this is a good Dog like temper.

Jeſt. Perhaps it may fare with thoſe that embark in the Cauſe, as our foreſaid Author *Don Quixot* ſays it does with them who engage in Chivalry, who *uſe not to complain of any Wound, although their guts do iſſue out thereof*.

Earn. But mark the difference now betwixt the Loyalty of a Whig and of ſuch a Tory as you are. What a grumbling did you make the laſt time we met, becauſe you miſt of your Dinner; and yet obſerve with what Meekneſs and Reſignation the whole Party concern'd did comply with the Royal Prohibition; nay, ſome of 'em boaſt, they were glad they had ſuch an opportunity to ſhew their readineſs to ſubmit.

Jeſt. That's well. Heavens continue in them the good humour. But I fear this is but a Complement, and a making Vertue of pure Neceſſity: For I meet with others of 'em, and thoſe not a few, who murmur and chouter at it curſedly, which plainly ſhews, that they ſubmitted no farther than the care of their own ſafety forc'd 'em. And then what becomes of your commendation? They'l hardly thank you for't, I dare ſay.

Earn. Well, but now I have mention'd your laſt Diſcourſe, let me remember you, that you are accuſed by ſome People of leaſing in that Story of *Brooks*, about his Wives *Ups* and *Downs*. I'm told 'tis all falſe. He would not talk ſo ſmuttily.

Jeſt. I hear indeed the whiffling Titular of *Nova Scotia* pretends to ſay ſomething againſt our Veracity, but I know not what 'tis: But for this of *Brooks*, I'le tell you where I had it. In the year 1676. one of his Wives died, and *J. C.* publiſh'd an indifferent Funeral Sermon upon her; but he not thinking her ſufficiently commended, adds at the latter end, *A ſhort account of ſome of her choice Experiences, Bleſſed Diſcoveries and gracious Evidences.*

Earn. Special Stuff, I warrant.

Jeſt. He praiſes her upon ten ſeveral particulars, of which the ſeventh is this; *Seventhly*, ſays he, p. 31. *About her truſtings and cleaving to Chriſt, as the Ivy cleaves to the Oak, the Child to the Mother, or as the Wife cleaves to the Husband. In all her ups and downs, ſhe would be ſtill hanging upon Chriſt, and cleaving to Chriſt.* And then p. 34. *She was always beſt when ſhe was moſt with God in a corner.* This was a way of expreſſion, of which many inſtances may be had in his other works.

Earn. Well, I'm glad you can prove your words. But did you never give me an Account of an extraordinary *Call* that one of his name had to the Miniſtry. Pray let's hear't again.

Jeſt. Thus it was. This *Brooks* was Prentice to a Weaver and follow'd the Trade ſome time, but to no great purpoſe, for being a great Blockhead, he could never prove a Workman.

Earn. That was a kind of a rational *Call*; for if a man can't live at one Trade he muſt take up another.

Jeſt. True; but he expected higher manifeſtations, which in a ſhort time after fell out to his mind; for his dulneſs rendring him undeſerving of new Breeches ſo often as others, his old blew ones were waſh'd and hung upon a Peg to dry, but long they had not hung, when lo, a ſtrong North-East wind blows them off into the Vat of a Neighbouring Dyer, where being already loaded with blew, as if for that purpoſe, they took a dainty black Dye. A plain intimation, that his old

old Trade was to be left off, and the Gospel thenceforward to become his business.

Earn. 'Twas but an odd sort of a *Call* though, considering the sacredness of the Function; and if it had come from above, certainly he would have received from thence a Spirit too, more suitable than what he was endued with.

Jest. This *Call* and that Spirit (such as they were) serv'd his turn well enough.

Earn. Well! Though telling of Stories be but a dull sort of mirth, yet I'le be even with you and give you one of an Election to a temporal Office.

Jest. Do so; but be short.

Earn. In *Essex* where men are chosen to Honourable Places, you know, only for their Wisdom or Honesty (God forgive me;) there, I say, it happen'd that four Persons stood for an Office, and it being meerly Civil, they could not any of 'em hope for an extraordinary Call, as your man had, nor could they be perswaded to put it to the decision of a pair of Dice, being a way too fortuitous; they were for less of Chance and more of Providence; and therefore at last 'twas agreed, that the four Candidates should be plac'd in a Room together with their back-parts bare and a wisp of Hay, stuck in their b —— s, and a discreet Calf (for which that County is famous) should by common consent be pitch'd upon to go in to the Room, and that man out of whose b ——— the Calf should eat the Hay was to be declared Elect.

Jest. Instinct of Nature would lead the Beast to some such as Squire *John* with three names. But, as you say, this is but dull Conversation; What Pamphlets are there abroad? There's *Jack Thumb*, as I guess, has by his man *Baldwin* threatned us severely, is there nothing done yet against us.

Earn. Yes, yes, 'tis all out, for after two weeks Threats and Consideration, yesterday he gave us the dead-doing blow. *As for* H. RIDENS, *he is really* (*as well as* his Brother *the* Observator) *become* Ridiculous; *for as they have shaken hands with* Conscience *and* Honesty; *so* God *hath depriv'd them of* Wit. *And it hath been observ'd, that they who have a long time Acted against the* Dictates of Conscience, *have at last, by the* Divine Justice, *been entirely given over to a* Spirit of Infatuation *and* Sottishness.

Jest. Truly he has fully made us amends for his severe Censure by giving us so good a Companion in a Parenthesis, and I am for pardoning him this time upon that account.

Earn. As for the want of Wit, 'tis not his Talent to be a competent Judg of it, and therefore we'l pass it by. But this brazen *Colossus* would have done like a man, if he had pointed out in some of our Discourses, a Falshood or two which we had obtruded upon the World for Truths, or some un-fair Reasonings, by which we might hope to have deceiv'd the unwary Reader, or something we had divulged which was not fit to be spoken or known. *Conscience* and *Honesty* are general Words and signifie according to the mind of the Speaker; and he might as well have call'd us *Sons of Whores*, which is a name some men (not attending to its natural meaning) bestow upon every body that vexes 'em.

Jest. Well then, What other Whiggery have you?

Earn. Here's our Looking-Glass man come abroad again with a Second Part, which I think is his own, and consequently flat and incoherent. He names the *Observator* and *Heraclitus* very often, and then he sneers, and leaves 'em.

Jest. That's worse than *Harry Care*; he used sometimes (to give the Devil his due) to be a little Arch, and speak to the purpose once in a Moon. What does this Author pretend to?

Earn. To *a Continuation of Observations and Reflections upon the late Sermons of some that would be thought* Goliahs *for the Church of* England.

Jest. I wonder who those Persons are; they must with either his bulk or his fortune, nothing else being recorded extraordinary of him, that I remember, and, I fancy, there are not many of the Church of *England* think either of those very desireable circumstances. But what does he perform to answer this Title?

Earn. Very ordinarily; but because some few things are delivered in it popularly and plausibly, perhaps we'l examin 'em next time. Mean-while I have a great mind to a Dish of Queries, which we have not had a long time.

Jest. With all my heart.

Query. Whether either of the *Counters* or *Ludgate* have yet received any of the Provisions made for the Whig-Feast? and if they have, whether *Implement* does not deserve to be turn'd out of his place of *Engine* to the Party, (as the last Protestant Courant entitles him) for not giving the World an account of it?

2. Whether *Jack Thumb* be not an *Irish* man born; and whether that silly reason, or his Simplicity were the cause that he was not constituted one of *Wilmer*'s fellow-Stewards?

3. Whether the Rigor that *Baldwin* complains of so heartily in his last, was not well deserv'd by him from that Company, since he had so much insolence as to arrest the Warden of it in his Bed, for doing his Duty?

4. Whether those Whigs who rail against *Informing* and *Informers* don't give *Thumb*, *Tumbler* and Long *Will* slaps in the face, who not only inform'd, but for some days preach'd up and down for Evidence against a Loyal Citizen, only for shewing, (and that upon importunity) the Ballad call'd *London's Loyalty?*

5. Whether now the several Plots and Projects of Exclusion, Association, Sheriffing, Feasting, &c. are or are like suddenly to be defeated, the Sober Party have any further design upon the Government? If they have, *Quere* What it is?

Jest. Nay for your former Quere's an ordinary Whig will attempt an Answer; but for this last, you must to the Oracle.

London, Printed for *B. Tooke*, 1682.